

# The Turtle Doue. *κ*

25



Or, The wooing in the Wood, being a pleasant new  
Song of two constant Louers.

To the tune of, the North Countre Lasse.



**V**Vhen Flora she had deckt  
the fields with flowers faire,  
my loue and I did walke abroad,  
to take the Pleasant ayre.

Faire phebvs brightly shyn,  
and gentlie warnd each thing:  
Where euery creature then did seeme,  
to welcome in the Spring.

Into a pleasant groue,  
by Nature trinely made:  
My Loue and I together walkt,  
to coole vs in the shade.

The bubling brookes did glide,  
the siluer fishes leape:  
The gentle Lambes & nimble Fawns  
did seeme to leape and skippe,

The Birds with sugured notes,  
their prettie throats did straine:  
And Shepheards on their oten pipes,  
made musicke on the plaines.

Then I began to talke,  
of Louers in their blis:  
I woo'd her and courted her,  
for to exchange a kiss.

With that the straight way said,  
harke how the Nigtingale,  
Although that she doth sweetly sing,  
doth tell a heauie tale.

That in her maiden yeares,  
by man she had much wrong:  
Which makes her now with thorne imbrast  
to sing a mournfull song.

With that I lent an eare,  
to heare sweete Philomell.  
Amongst the other Birds in woods,  
and she this tale did tell.

Fair maides be warnd by me,  
I was a maiden pure.  
Buttill by man I was o'rereache,  
which makes me this indure.

To liue in woods and groues,  
sequestred from all sight:  
For heauily I doe complaine,  
both morning, noone, and night.

The Threstle-cock did say,  
fie, Phill, you are to blame:  
Although that one did doe amisse,  
will all men doe the same;

So quoth the Ousell then,  
though I be blacke of hew:  
Unto my mate and dearest loue,  
I alwaies will proue true.

The Blackebird hauing spoke,  
the Larke began to sing:  
If I pertisipate of ought,  
my loue to it I bring,

The Mag-pie by did start,  
and straight began to chatter:  
Beleeue not men they all are false,  
for they will lye and flatter.

Then by vpon a lease,  
the Wren leapt by and by,  
And said bold Parrot your pide-coate,  
shewes you can cog and lye.

*45. 6. 28. ill.*



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*45. 6. 28. 311.*



The Second part.

To the same Tune.

Then Robin-Redbreast said,  
Tis I in loue am true:  
My couller shewes that I am he,  
if you giue me my dew.

So, said the Liner then,  
your brest it is to yellow:  
For let your loue be neuer so true,  
you let himke you haue a fellow.

Another bird start vp,  
being cald the Popengay,  
And said faire Spiltris view me well,  
my coate is fine and gay,

Away with painted stufte,  
the Felde fare did say:  
My couller it the aboutne is,  
and beates the bell away.

The Goldfinch then bespake,  
my coullours they are pure:  
For yellow, red, for blacke, and white,  
all weathers will indure.

Each bird within the wood,  
a seuerall sentence gaue:  
And all did strine with seuerall notes,  
prebeminence to haue.

Then from an Iuis bush,  
the Owle put forth her head  
And said, not such an other Bird  
as I, the wood hath breed.

With that each Bird of note,  
did beate the Owle away:  
That neuer more he durst be seene,  
to stay abroad by day.

And then they all agreed,  
to choose the Turtle Dove,  
And that he should decide the cause,  
betwixt me and my loue.

Who thus began to speake,  
Behold sweet maiden faire:  
How my beloued and my selfe,  
doe alwayes liue a paire.

We neuer vse to change,  
but alwaies liue in loue:  
We kisse and bill, and therefore cald,  
The faithfull Turtle Dove.

And when that each doth die,  
we spend our time in mone,  
Bewayling our deceased frind,  
we liue and die alone.

We neuer match againe,  
as other birds doe vse:  
Therefore sweet Maiden loue your  
doe not true loue refuse.

Thus ending of his speech,  
they all did silent stand:  
And then I turnd me to my loue,  
and tooke her by the hand

And said, my dearest sweete,  
behold the loue of these:  
How euery one in his degree,  
doe seeke his mate to please.

Then fairest grant to me,  
your constant heart and loue:  
And I will proue as true to thee,  
as doth the Turtle Dove.

She said heere is my hand,  
my heart and all I haue:  
I kist her, and vpon the same  
a token to her gaue.

And then vpon the same,  
the Birds did sweetly sing:  
That ecchoes through the woods and  
most lowdly then did ring. (groues,

Then by I tooke my Loue,  
and arme in arme did walke:  
With her vnto her fachers house,  
where we with him did talke.

Who soone did condescend  
when we weare both agreed  
And shortly to the church we went,  
and married were with speed.

The Bells aloud did ring  
and Minstrels they did play  
And euery Youth and maid did strue,  
to grace our wedding day.

God grant my loue and I,  
may haue the like successe:  
And liue in loue vntill we die,  
in ioy and righteousness.



FINIS.

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